Huntwork Hewitt, Kaleidoscope Man

I miss the days of seeing her face And Abby The World's Greatest Dog I miss the kiss of the ring mistress While the lions sharpen their claws I miss the thrill of love in a can That I bought from Kaleidoscope Man I miss the clowns fooling around Then they run in the bathroom to cry I miss the chimp they dressed like a pimp And then taught him to whisper goodbye I miss the thrill of love in a can That I bought from Kaleidoscope Man Gone are the evenings of fire Gone are the moments of bliss I long for the feel Of her hands on my soul And I long How I long to be missed I miss the time when she was alive And things were as they should be I miss my painting of twelve ladies fainting She never returned it to me I miss the tune played by the band That was led by Kaleidoscope Man I miss the tune that went with the dance That we did for Kaleidoscope Man